

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

CHARTER OAK STOVES AND Wilson Heaters

The Heater for the home, the camp or the kitchen.

There's comfort in the kitchen that's equipped with a Charter Oak stove. The name guarantees its excellence.

We have them in all sizes at almost all prices. Stoves for the parlor, the kitchen or the camp. A nice line of large sizes for hotel use. Little stoves for less money, bigger ones for more, but all guaranteed "CHARTER OAKS."

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"How Can I Get a Home for My Family, or a Straight 6 Per Cent Loan?"

THE WESTERN HOME-INVESTMENT CO., Inc., will tell you. 406 National Bank of Arizona Bldg. Call, write or telephone. Overland 1077. A few good field men wanted. Liberal pay. References required.

WHEN IN DOUBT

Regarding contemplated investments, or matters upon which financial information is urgently demanded, we are pleased to have you avail yourself of our thirty-one years' experience and intimate financial relationship with this section. We are pleased to extend to the stranger every courtesy along these lines—no matter if you are not a depositor—the courtesy is extended.

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

National Bank of Arizona

The Progressive Bank

We are Interested in the Success of our Patrons

We wish to see them prosper, and they do, for it is an undeniable fact that OUR customers are more generally successful than those people who have no bank connection.

UNION BANK & TRUST COMPANY

"The Growing Bank."

The Farmers and Merchants Bank

4 Per cent on Savings Accounts
2 Per Cent on Checking Accounts

Beginning Saturday, June 24th, and every Saturday thereafter, this bank will open at 3 p. m. and close at 9 p. m. for the accommodation of the public.

The SONG OF the MACHINE

BY FRANK ATWATER WARD

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"Well, there's a small chance of its making him lose his mind, especially if he has what we call a taint, or tendency that way. A crack on the head has often put a man out, and another has made all straight again. Such things happen. Do you know if there has been any insanity in his family?"

"No," said Curtin; and to himself as he hurried away—"and him more than half loony before!"

On his next visit he was not allowed to enter the ward. "He's asleep," was the excuse. The third attempt likewise proved fruitless, and then quite unexpectedly he was promoted to Nayley's room on the "Emerald," with its longer hours, so that several weeks passed without his getting to the hospital. From reports, though, he learned that the injured man was making a good recovery.

One afternoon he stumbled upon an excited group by the ash-pit.

"What's up?" he queried.

"Nayley's back, and there was a son of a gun of a row between him and T. J. Reilly, here, was in the office."

The witness glibly interposed. "Yes, I was there gettin' a dressin' down for not reportin' a busted staybolt when Nayley come in. T. J. give him the glad hand. 'I want my engine,' says Nayley, wild-like, 'the 922,' says he. Old T. J. give a jump. 'Oh, you do?' he snorts, 'and what in hell would you be doin' on a construction train? Men like you,' says he, 'are wanted to make time, and not to bump dirt cars.' Then Nayley lit into him for fair, talkin' so fast I couldn't catch more'n half. Wild he was. In the middle of it T. J. shoots him out of the office." Curtin did not wait for more.

Five minutes later "T. J." round-house foreman of locomotives, had a second explosion. "Confound it!" he bellowed, "is every man on the division going to tell me how to run this job?"

Curtin had cooled by this time. "I want to know if that's the right way to treat a sick man just come from the hospital—that's all."

"They had no business letting him out so soon, unchained. When he's got his wits and can talk sense he can come round again. His job'll be waiting for him. Now you can get—I'm busy."

Thereafter, although Curtin combed the city, no trace could be had of the "convalescent." He was merely non-existent, as though the earth had yawned to receive him. So matters stood on a warm night in December—a night when the whole earth steamed after the rain, and the mist, delicately opaque, wreathed in and out around the yards until the signal lights grew halos and the glistening lines of metals ran dreamily to the land of No-where. Over on a spur in the yard stood the 922. The crew had joined the little convalescent in the yardmaster's shack where the day-old wreck of the "Mail" was under discussion.

And then, because there seemed none to see, the 922 came to life. Slowly, inch by inch, gaining imperceptibly in its small-like speed, the black mass began to move with a delicate hiss of steam and a faint metallic ring as the flanges of the driving-wheels scraped the rails. The pace quickened a bit as the pilot took the curve of the spur and out upon the main-line metals; and the discreet *ahem* of the exhaust became faintly audible. The 922 was running away.

The wreck discussion in the shack became yet more warm. "Yancey ought to've jumped," expounded the 922's engineer in the face of adverse opinion, drawing down upon him the wrath of the conference. The man in the signal tower was snatching a forbidden forty winks. At the thirty-ninth the 922 glided into the mouth of the tunnel that marked the yard limit.

"Two minutes from this the operator at the far end of the tube sat up with a start, dashed to the window and back again to the key, pounding it frantically with the despatcher's call; and the news sped out over the wires that an engine, running wild, menaced the northbound line. There ensued a hurried side-tracking of traffic. The Emerald Express took the siding at Frawlings, and Curtin, boiling with indignation and curiosity, swung from the cab and ran up the steps of the tower.

"Lo, Curtin!" The operator peered greenly from beneath his eyeshade. "Engine's wild on the line, headed this way. It's the 922. Billings at Open Gap caught the number on the head-light."

"Sure the cab's empty?"

"No one's seen anybody that I know of."

"Where is she now?"

"At Westcott, due here in—oh, any minute. She's cutting a fearful streak. They'll ditch her as soon as they can clear a spot where she won't smash things up too much."

"That's Nayley's old engine," Curtin kept muttering to himself, "Nayley's old engine."

Suddenly he galvanized.

"Here!" he called—"the second she's passed give me an open switch. I'm going after her." He darted to the stairs as a faint but growing whirr sounded from the south.

"Where's the orders?"

"Damn the orders—mine, if you like," the engineer threw back as he cleared three steps at a drop.

The whirr had grown to a drumming roar, and far down the track shone the expanding glow of the coming head-light. Curtin raced to the couplings, cut loose from the train, and leaped to the cab. As the 922 rocketed past he opened the throttle. The switch snapped across, though he neither knew nor cared. In another flash he felt a lurch, and the main line was beneath his wheels.

Dobson, round-eyed across the cab, gaped for explanations.

(To be continued.)

Wonderful Exhibition of Navajo Blankets

Thanksgiving almost here, Christmas just around the corner and the Big Curio Store is ready now, as always to best satisfy every lover of the genuine Indian handycraft.

R. L. BALKE, U. S. Licensed Indian Trader

Proprietor of The Big Curio Store on Adams Street.

MISSOURIANS WILL EXTEND A WELCOME

WILL CALL ON DISTINGUISHED SON OF THE HOME STATE.

Missouri Society to Be Revived or Reorganized.

The visit to this city of Joseph W. Folk, former governor of Missouri, perfected the psychological condition that it is believed will result in the rejuvenation of the Missouri society of Arizona. The more energetic of the members of the old society have been pondering on its reorganization for some time and the announcement of the expected visit of Mr. Folk persuaded them that it was the time for action. They felt that Missourians generally should turn out to welcome Mr. Folk anyway and while they were discussing things as Missourians they might as well reorganize the society.

Accordingly a number of the members of the old society assembled last evening in the office of Justice Parker to talk things over. Nobody seemed to have a line on the distinguished guest, as to when he would arrive in town or where he would stop, but it was announced that he would come sometime this morning and stop at a hotel. To that end the conference issued a general call to all patriotic Missourians to assemble this morning at 11 o'clock at the office of Justice of the Peace Parker, on First avenue. Scouts will by that time report the whereabouts of Governor Folk and if he is known to be at a hotel he will be called upon by his former fellow citizens in a body.

If he has not yet arrived the assemblage will disband, each member with a mental resolution to attend the lecture in the Adams school to-night.

During last night's conference the unanimous opinion was expressed that the Missouri society should be revived or a new one started to succeed it. A committee on general arrangements looking to that end, was appointed, consisting of Captain P. P. Parker, Ed L. Shaw and A. D. Loyhe.

AND THIS FROM WELLESLEY!

Shades of academic female higher education! Wellesley college editorially advises itself to "Be a sport."

There will be nervous hours for distant mammas when they read in the College News the hearty, boyish, emancipated cry of the editrix, "Come on, let's be sports!"

Miss Muriel Becheler, editrix, reasons it out this way: The glory of being a sport has too long been a masculine prerogative; it's time that women should develop the sporting instinct, and Wellesley is the place to begin. There is no caution about ladylike limitations to the sporting instinct; just a plain, luring, ultra-new-womanly cry, "Be a sport."

The editorial, or is it "editrixial," follows:

Be a Sport—A slangy motto lived up to is better than a high sounding one so far up in the clouds that we soothe our pricking consciences by saying to ourselves, "Well, we're only poor, weak mortals, after all," or "We aren't expected to live up to our ideals—having them is enough." But say to yourself when you are, perhaps, beaten on field day, "Oh, be a sport," and watch your glum mouth go up at the corners, your eyes brighten and your chest expand. Pride has been denounced so often and so sweepingly that it is hard to realize that there is a right kind of pride, the kind that bolsters up a limp back and makes us summon up a smile in the face of the little bothers to which it is so easy to give way. "Class meeting? Heavens, I've had three classes this morning and two this afternoon, and I am simply dead."

"Oh, come on, be a sport!" And you'll go every time.

Girls are just beginning to learn to "be sports." They have left that glory to the masculine sex so long that they feel as if they are positively cribbing when they begin to learn how to be sports. But the spirit is very contagious, and one sport, happily, will infect a whole community. So come on, let's be sports.—Boston Herald.



Direct From Paris

From Paris we get the last word of fashion. As the proper foundation for the modish gowns of Winter, Corsets have three features: The low bust, the straight, snug hip; the waist line slightly pronounced; the flat back, either medium or long. This is the general tendency to corsets, modified, of course, to suit the requirements of every individual wearer.

Lyra Corsets

reflect this fashion dictate to perfection; made in a sufficient variety of styles, so that there is a model for every figure. There is a Model for Your Figure Will fit you to perfection and make alterations—if necessary—free of charge.

Lyra Corsets

\$5.00 and \$6.00

New Variety of Auto Rugs \$5.00 to \$20.00

Rich looking patterns. All-wool qualities; big plaids or small checks, fringed or hemmed edge; also the new Navajo designs are represented.

All-Wool Eiderdown Dressing Sacques \$1.75

Just nice to wear around the house these cool mornings. Cardinal and grey crocheted edges or silk ribbon edge.

Silk and Wool Shawls at 50c to \$4.00

Puff stitched and fringed, several different sizes and designs, black, white, pink and blue.

NOTICE TO ALL WHO ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OUR FREE EMBROIDERY INSTRUCTIONS

The great attendance have caused us to have two afternoons every week instead of one, and have divided the lesson hours as follows:
Irish Crochet Lessons—Every Thursday.
Art Embroidery Lessons—Every Friday.
From 2 to 4 o'clock. This enables our instructor to give better attention to every one. Irish Crochet lessons cost 50c for 2 hours. Art needle work lessons are free.



New Kid Gloves for Women

arrived again today
In fact, we receive new Gloves every day to insure that all the Gloves we sell are fresh. For evening wear we have the new

Regnier Gloves at \$5.00

16-button style, in black and white glace, also suede.

Maggioni Glace at \$3.50

Best Gloves ever made to sell at \$3.50. They are 12 and 16-button styles, in white and tan only.

Glace Gloves at \$1.50

New Importation of Short Kid Gloves, two clasps, in white and all colors. Guarantee the fit of all our Gloves. Make a trial.

All New Evening Slippers Shown Here Now

Patent Leather, Velvet, Black Satin, White and Black Suede, the snappiest styles we've seen this season, and we have them in all sizes.

New, Dressy Street Shoes in the Most Popular Lasts

Tan Calf Button Boots, black and tan corduroy, brown oozie, 15-button black satin, short vamp Button Boots. We'll fit the most particular dresser to perfection.

Get Your Next Suit at Goldbergs.

Free to Ranchmen

We have published a good sized booklet upon the subject of "Cement and Concrete on the Ranch."

If you contemplate any construction on your ranch which you desire to make permanent, use

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and send to us for the booklet which describes fully how to use cement. It is yours delivered at your postoffice for the asking.

Please state what construction you have in view.

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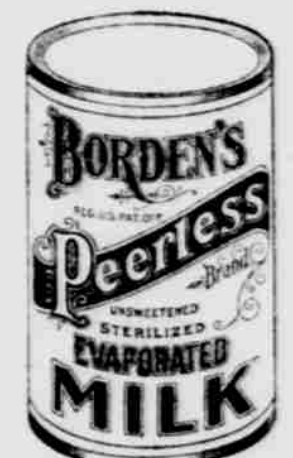
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WE SERVE CHINESE NOODLES AND CHOP SUEY.

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

PIONEER BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

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By recommending these brands you will please your customers. They are the best science can produce.

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